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LETTER

WRITTEN BY

MR. John Dickson,

(Late Minister of the Gospel at
RUTHERGLEN)

From the

BASS Prison.

Rev. 14. 13. *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the Dead which Die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their Labours; and their Works do follow them*

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TO THE READER

Christian Reader,

IT is beyond my Capacity, to say any thing by way of Recommendation, (although I could, it were altogether needless) to the following Epistle, it will Recommend itself, upon consideration of the worthy Author, his Name being prefixed to it; and his other Epistles being so Acceptable and profitable to the world, I thought it my Duty, and to thy Advantage, to give thee yet another of them, which may prove very profitable to thee; especially, if the particulars therein contained, be seriously pondered in this dark Day, when Iniquity abounds among all Ranks and Degrees of Persons: A Deadness having overflowed the whole Land, like a mighty Flood of waters; but I shall not detain thee from the Letter it self, only we shall close with this, that our *Elijahs* are gone, and their Mantle is found to have rested on few of our *Elisbas*. So I shall bide you adieu. If I find Encouragement by this, then thou shalt have more of his works.



I am thy Souls well-wisher

A
 LETTER
 BY

Mr. JOHN DICKSON, &c.

My Dear Friends,

I Received a Letter from you, with your Token of Kindness in it, about the middle of Winter, which to me in that Solitude, was Refreshing, in Consideration of you and other Friends Simpathy, at so great a Distance, under so great Distress, few Friends pitying when singled out among many, to endure hardships as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ, only for the Word of GOD and Testimony of JESUS, here among Strangers, whom the Lord wonderfully makes Friends, being so far separated from Sympathizing Friends and Acquaintances, and especially from my Dear Family, whose access to me is with invincible difficulties, who in outward things upon Earth, to me are the greatest Consolation, for in their Encouragement my Joy and Pleasure outwardly in this World lyes, and whoever are kindest to them, are to me my greatest Friends, suppose I should

should evanish in Earthly Misery, seeing Providence has ordered it, that they are Imbarked in the same bottom of Tribulation and affliction with me.

To this your Letter, immediatly returned Answer more fully than I can write now, but it was thought fit to bury that Letter, to another time, but for present, to let you know that ye and my Friends with you have been and are still frequently upon my Heart, and that I do not forget your tender Christian Sympathy, I desire kindly to Remember you in this Line; I put it out of doubt, that the manifold prodigious Dispensations of this time, may put you and other Friends into Lethargies of Amazement, considering the Days of the Son of God ye have seen in your Country, and the Days ye now see, and the more dismal like Days that seemingly are approaching, but there are some few things I put you in mind of, to fortifie against mistakes, which your ever Blessed and Wise Lord in all these sad Prognosticks hath fortold.

1. For such as have had the Sealing Testimonies of the Spirit, bearing witness with their Spirits, that they are the Sons of God; to scare at Christ, upon the account of His Cross, were an Uchristian requital of His Matchless Love, in the shedding of His Heart-Blood for them, so much the more, that he has forewarned them of all these things, which we are made Eye-Witnesses unto, so that the

Scriptures

Scriptures this Day are happily fulfilled in our Eyes.

2. Ye shall be hated of all Men, Buffeted, Revil'd, Scourged and Slain, these are four Herbs indeed, but yet such that in wise Providence, we must eat our Pass-over with all in this, as we are made conform to the whole Mystical Body of Christ, who are the Cloud of Witnesses, and so also unto the Head of Christ Himself, who was made Perfect through Suffering.

3. Tho' the whole Disciples fall under Damps of Discouragement, when Christ is upon the Cross and in the Grave, yet these fainting Damps are the forerunners of their greatest Mercy.

4. Tho' the Blessed Vessel of the Church of God, be now Visibly on the troubled Seas beaten betwixt Wind, wave, and Rock, and the Passengers all in hazard of Losing, and the Lord Himself Sleeping, yet as He Lives He is not out of the Vessel, one Cry, *Master we Perish.* Another Cry, *Awaken him,* if the Vessel Sink, so must he (which is impossible) and Sink who will, or be washen over Leck who will, He and the Vessel will come with a sweet Gale to the Blessed Harbour.

5. We may be fear'd to Drown, when our Fears flow from the Depths of Misbelief, that may awaken him with a Shout, *O ye of little Faith!* which may bring a sudden Calm.

6 He Himself Stirs the Rudder, a Pilot of undoubted Experience, the Guide of all Shallows upon all Hands, yea even then; when the Elect would be deceived, if it were not Impossible.

7. A Persecuted Church through all Ages, since Christ's Days, is the happiest Church; Proven both from the Primitive and Later Persecutions * *A lukewarm Church sitten down under its Lies, and Self-Justification, Joaking under a smocking what is here Bramble, is the Church that the Son of God said, with stews out of his Mouth, as witness the this present Churches of Asia, Greece, in their Decay and Church.* many other places.

8. The Blood of the Saints, is the Seed of the Church; *O Britain!* Blessed of all Places of God's Earth in Fruits, which

(6)
which shall spring off the Seed, after the Gospel Seed has been Sown; the Corn-Fields of the Church of Christ in Britain, has gotten Seed upon Seed; Double Seed, what must the Increase be? O Happy; Haryest! O Blessed Reapers. In that Day, when the Crown shall Flourish on his Head; which Budding through Martyr's Blood shall Blossom, and fill the Earth with Joy, the Wheels will turn towards the ascendant of our Blessed L. O. R. D.

9. He must have his will, and not we our Wills, for He is only wise. Let all the world keep Silence before Him; the disciples willed the Splendor of a Temporal Kingdom, but He willed their Humility every where that they went; now His will is our will, whoever they are that shall have the Honour to stand upon the other side of the Red-Sea, I am perswaded they will both be of another Judgement and Frame of Spirit, than they were when between *Migdol* and *Pichachiroth* their Affections, will be purged from the Carnal Dross, which Loving ease causeth stout Hearts to quake at C H R I S T's necessary Cross,

10. There is a Seed sown through the Mountains, & the Moors of *Scotland*, which shall have a plentiful Crop, for the Master of the Vineyard was undoubtedly at the Sowing of it, and he must see to the gathering in of his Fruits. Let the great *Dragon* spew out a Lambas Flood of waters, which is like to drown all; yet the *Harvest* will come, and the Man-Child must Rule and Overcome.

11. Our greatest Victory is through the Blood of the Covenant, and the word of our Testimony; causing a loud Voice of Salvation in Heaven.

12. The Church of God may be wasted and ruined in Appearance, as to Interest, Priviledges, and Witnesses, that rarely you will find one *Elijah* retir'd into a Grove to weep his Heart out of him, or one *Jeremiah* to get his Soul for a Prey, yet may recover its full Vigour again, to further degrees of Injoying all its Losses, than ever before it has been at. Christ and Antichrist have not wrestled their last fall, yet they have been hitherto wrestling by the Fists and Burs; but now they are Strugling towards the middle now the Glove is already cut betwixt them, the Day of the last throw is fixed it is quickly approaching.

O Blessed Testators unto the Duel ! When the Princes of the East shall come throw dry'd up Ephraim, to gaze upon the rotten Carcase of the Slain Beast.

13. Our Lord's Promise is sure and Sealed; for He is Faithful, His People are Engraven upon the Palms of His Hands, and their walls are continually before Him; and tho' we seem to be Losing all our Friends, by Ones, Twos and Dozens, yet thy Dead Men shall Live, Arise and Sing, &c.

14. Christ when He comes, come as a Thief in the Night, when all are Crying Peace, Peace; have a Care O Druse west of Scotland ! Of Midnights Alarm, beware of Surfeiting and Drunkenness, Watch and Pray.

15. Christ is now at hand, with Garments rolled in Blood, the Bloody winding-sheets of His Martyr'd Saints are about His Shoulders; it will be no wonder that some secure wretches, in the hight of Phantastick Fears, Cry, who is this coming from Bozra, with Garments dipped in Blood? And their Echo Answers; Hills and Mountains fall upon us, and hide us from the Face of the Lamb, seeing His appearance will be Gastly unto them, and as they will not know Him, under these Soul Terrifying Garbs, Fire devouring before Him, and in being very Tempestuous round about Him, so neither will he know them, (Mutter and Pipe as they will;) many a poor Imprisoned Saint in Scotland, there are and has been towards whom, many a Professor in the West, scarce Remembered them with a Cup of Cold Water, but in place thereof, has covered them with Beasts Skins, to be devoured of bloody Mouths, and how shall Christ know them in that Day, such hollow hearted Portraiturs.

16. The Spirits of the Powers of the Earth, are in a high Fever, Reeling and at their Wits-end; this Fever is working towards a Crisis; which will produce irrevocable Palpitations.

17. The great Refiner with his Fan in his Hand, (these several Years bygone) has been winnowing the Professors, and now he is near a close, he will Riddle them next, yet not a Grain of Wheat shall fall to the Ground and be lost. O poor Scotland ! Full of Dregs,
Lies

Lies and Chaff. But I shall trouble you no more at present, take these as the poor shallow Thoughts of one separate from his Brethren, ponder the purpose over and over, and draw your Conclusions, which I hope in the fear of the Lord, will rather encourage than Scare you from your Duty: that ye and our Friends with you may be found (in the Lord's Approaching) in amongst Zion's Cryers and Sighers, and be marked by the Man with the Writers Ink-Horn by his side. The worst and best days are quickly coming towards poor Covenanted Scotland; *The Tent shall return, and shall be eaten: as a Teal-tree, and as an Oak whose Substance is in them, when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.* Isa. 6. 13. Remember me to all my Dear Friends with you, and I am in the Judgement, I was the last time I was with you, and still more and more Christ His Truth Glory and Honour grows and bulks in my Eyes, seeing nothing in this vain Spectras and Skeletous of this frothy and bubbling Generation, which may in the least measure alter either Judgement or Principle. The Lord Himself be with you, it is not fit I write more, which ye may guess your self, I beg yours and my Friends Sympathy with me, and my Family; come Death, come Life; which fortifies against Fainting.

So Rests Yours,

JOHN DICKSON.

